

NAME: Orite, Riyo DATE OF BIRTH: 1895 PLACE OF BIRTH: Hiroshima
Age: 79 Sex: F Marital Status: W Education: Grammar School

PRE-WAR:

Date of arrival in U.S.: 5/1914 Age: 18 M.S. M Port of entry: Seattle
Occupation/s: 1. Cook 2. Running a boarding house Housewife
Place of residence: 1. Liner, Wyoming 2. Superior, Wyoming 3. Sacramento, Ca
Religious affiliation: Buddhist Church
Community organizations/activities: _____

EVACUATION:

Name of assembly center: Walerga Assembly Center
Name of relocation center: Tule Lake, Ca. & Topaz, Utah
Dispensation of property: _____ Names of bank/s: _____
Jobs held in camp: 1. _____ 2. _____
Jobs held outside of camp: _____
Left camp to go to: Richmond, California

POST-WAR:

Date returned to West Coast: October 1945
Address/es: 1. Richmond, California 2. 1205 W St. Sacramento, Ca.
3. _____
Religious affiliation: Buddhist Church
Activities: 1. _____ 2. _____ 3. _____
If deceased, date, place and age at time of death: _____

Name of interviewer: Heihachiro Takarabe Date: 10/21/74 Place: Sacramento, Ca.

translator: munko nagee

Name: Mrs. Riyo Oate

Age: 79 years old

Date of Birth: 1895

Place of Birth: Hiroshima Ken

Year of entry into the USA:

Major Occupation: ~~Housewife~~
Husband: Railroad Section Foreman

Relocation Camp: Tule Lake

Date of Interview: 10/21/74

Place of Interview: Sacramento

Interviewer: Rev. Herchelino Takasaka

Translator:

Q: This project is meant for the Sansei and Yonsei, who don't know about the Issei. Translating it into English, we'll make it available for them to read and understand what kind of hardship and pleasures the Issei had. You don't have to tell me anything extraordinary, but just about your daily life.

A: Reverend, has this started recording already?

Q: Yes. Don't worry.

A: Speaking about the time I came here from Japan--I came here in 1914. I landed in Seattle in June of 1914. My husband, then working for a railroad company, took me to Wyoming. On the way, we stopped at Ogden and stayed there a week, just for fun. Then, we got to (Warrence), Wyoming. Being in a foreign country for the first time, I couldn't understand the language spoken here. I felt sorry to have come to such a distant place in the countryside. Six other people were working with my husband. I was told to cook for them starting the following day. Knowing only Japanese I couldn't understand anything said while I was cooking. Everytime I heard English, I remembered Japan and felt lonely. I was eighteen years old then.

Q: Oh.

A: I remembered my home and missed it. The people there ordered me to cook fried potatoes. But I didn't know what fried potatoes were. I asked a Japanese person, who had been there

longer than I, what fried potatoes were. He told me that fried potatoes were something like Japanese "Tempura." I got used to the life there gradually. In the morning, I cooked "miso shiru." (A Japanese soup eaten for breakfast, which is made of soy-bean paste.) We couldn't get rice easily at that time. I cooked hot cakes and fried potatoes.

We rarely had a feast. We just had some fried potatoes with () or eggs. I fixed "miso shiru" whenever we had rice. We usually ate American style meals. There were six people working there. The wage at that time was 15¢ an hour. The workers went to work at seven in the morning, and came back home at five in the evening. They worked for ten hours. I would have their dinner prepared by the time they came back home.

In those days, we were short of everything. We bought food about once a month. We travelled 300 miles to Ogden on a train to buy food once a month. It was a freight train for grocery items. Once in a while () came over and we bought meat and vegetables from them. I repeated the same routine day after day. Wyoming is a large open plain. No matter how far you go, you don't see any growing trees. I looked at the sun reverently every morning and night. I just thought about my home. One night in October, I wake up... I'm not following the right sequence...?

Q: That's all right.

A: I got to Wyoming in June, around memorial day. People visited their ancestors' graves. We visited old people's graves. It got cold in Wyoming about two months later. Water freezes at the end of August there. Then, the winter season came. When I wake up during the night I saw something white. I was amazed to see such a strange thing. It turned out to be a rabbit. I had seen domesticated rabbits in Japan... I was surprised and gazed at them for a long time. I thought in my mind, "Rabbits and the moon are supposed to be related. My mother must be somewhere under this moon." I felt lonely.

I passed my days in loneliness. I cooked, washed and cleaned for the other people every day. A year later, our first child was born. Being busy with my daily chores, I gradually forgot about Japan. Our children grew up and reached schoolage. The company hired a teacher. Our children (learned grammar or something) in Wyoming. We wanted our children to learn Japanese. I was thinking of returning to Japan with our children. In 1927 a friend of ours, who was going to return to Japan, advised us to move here. There was a Japanese school here. Thus, we moved to Sacramento in 1927. Since there was a Japanese school here, we postponed returning to Japan. Our children attended the Japanese school. We were thinking of returning to Japan after their graduation from high school. However, we missed the opportunity to carry out our plan.

Our children graduated from high school, and we started running a boarding house. Our customers were all Japanese. We came here in 1927 and around 1930 the Depression started. I'll never forget the Depression. One family couldn't afford shoes for their children to wear to school. Some people couldn't afford bread. The panic struck us.

Running a boarding house, we couldn't inconvenience our customers in spite of the panic. We had a hard time in getting necessary commodities in sufficient quantity to sustain our business. Economic conditions were getting better by 1936. Having grown up, our children were taking care of themselves by that time. We just took care of ourselves. Around the time George graduated from high school, my husband died. It was in 1940. I was at a loss with my children. I had to cook for other people. My children, who were only students, couldn't help me. It was hard for me as a woman to run the business alone. On the other hadn, I didn't know any other way to make our living.

Q: How many children did you have then?

A: I had three boys. My husband died in 1940. I had neither a successor for my husband nor an alternative business. If I hadn't run the business by myself, I and my children would have starved. In 1941, the war broke out. I felt more uncertain then than at the time of my husband's death.

Hearing a lot of rumors from my customers every day, I felt uneasy. They tried to encourage me, but I felt helpless about the boarding house. I was procrastinating about closing my business. Then, the evacuation came along. The evacuation was awful. Because of racial prejudice, people threw rocks at us. I felt scared and worried. Most of the Japanese stores were closed down, I had to shop at a Chinese store in order to feed my customers. I had to pack my things. However, I was unable to do this as long as the customers remained. Finally, the evacuation day drew near.

I asked the customers to move out ten days ahead so that I could set things right. The customers left ten days ahead. My smallest child was happy about moving to a camp. He was playing with the fruit trees in the garden. My children weren't any help at all. It was a large house with sixty rooms. I had to clean each room. Each bed room was equipped with a bed, dresser, chair, bed-spread, quilt and so on. I requested the government to pay \$ 5 for each room. They didn't pay me that much. I said () but that's what they told me. I left the boarding house to them almost free of charge. It couldn't be helped. It may sound silly, but I only got paid \$150 for a sixty room building. I had no choice. I decided to move to the camp with some of my personal belongings. One of my boys was working at a grocery store. He brought a truck from the store. We loaded our things on the truck and sent them to the camp. An inspector

told us that we were going to be kept in the camp and that we weren't allowed to drive to the camp. He suggested us to hire a driver. We hired an Italian driver.

Q: You didn't take a train, but went to the camp by yourselves?

A: Since the camp was close, we sent our things to the camp on truck. We took a bus.

Q: Everybody together?

A: Yes. We went there. We were the very last Japanese people left in Sacramento. We had heard from various people that we weren't allowed to take knives and clothings. If you had too much, you would have to give up some at the camp. We were supposed to be provided meals in the camp. Therefore, I left all of my plates and dishes on the table. I regretted having left them home after i found out the true situation in the camp. It was too late. Thus, we got to the camp. I'll never forget that it was in the middle of June, on the fifteenth. On the 4th of July, we were moved to Jule Lake.

Q: Where did you go at first?

A: We went to Walerga. We didn't stay in Walerga longer than two months. We were transfered to Tule Lake on 4th of July. After dark, we were moved by train. We got to the Shasta Mountains toward dawn. I saw day breaking. We arrived at Tule Lake. We arrived at Tule Lake in 1942--at the end of 1942. We stayed there for less than two years. We were ..

moved to Topaz next. There were only Japanese people there. There were lots of skilled people there, who started classes to teach various things. Topaz is located on reclaimed land and used to be a lake. So, we found a lot of shells. We picked up shells and worked on them. We made artificial flowers and pins for our dresses in one class. Before coming to the camp, I had to plan a menu and cook for the others. Thinking back, I enjoyed camp life. I didn't have to cook breakfast after getting up in the morning. Going back to my room, (I didn't have to cook dinner). If it hadn't been during war time, life there could have been a paradise. A bath was made for us. Meals were served. We didn't have to wash dishes. It was as if we were millionaires. I had no idea what would happen to Japanese. However I appreciated being able to lead such a life in spite of the war.

I lived there with gratitude. There was an English class, sewing class and some other classes in the camp. You were free to choose any class according to your interests, which was nice. It may sound silly to tell you such a thing, but one highly educated married lady came to the camp. She said, "You'd better learn English by all means. You won't stay here for good. When you have your own job, you'll need English. When you eat out, you won't know how to order your food. You'd better learn English at any rate."

She advised us to study English. I decided to attend an English class. The more I began to understand, the more things I felt interested in. We stayed in Topaz till 1945. We came here from Richmond in October, 1945. In Richmond we were given an allotment, which wasn't too much, for a soldier's family. We were given a room. We had to work for our living.

There were a lot of domestic jobs in Berkeley. I hadn't worked for others before. I started working as something like a trainee at first. One day a Japanese person, who owned a (laundry) came and offered me a job. The pay was \$100 a month. I preferred to work for a Japanese person. I worked at the Japanese owned place for a year. I'm not speaking in chronological order, but my son Henry was drafted although he had five children. He joined the armed force. I felt uncertain then. He joined the service from Topaz. It was in the midst of the war disaster, so that I was afraid he might not return alive. Everybody around me sympathized with me. The head of the camp felt sorry for me and suggested that I should write a letter to my son. The letter was delivered to him through Salt Lake City and the Red Cross.

He answered. It's an order from the federal government. I have no choice. Don't say such a cowardly thing if you'd like to serve your country. I must go. He was sent to Fort (Oklahoma) and got training for forty days. Finally

he was given an overseas assignment. He had a short leave at Topaz in order to bid us good by. He started to leave for somewhere overseas from Solt Lake City. I didn't know where he had been assigned. He wrote me that he was in charge of a cannon. The people in the camp encouraged me by saying that my son wouldn't die. But it was a war... By the time he'd finished his overseas assignment, the President of the U.S. died and the war was over. He was sent to Germany for a while and came back after a year or so.

He returned to Topaz, and then to Richmond. He couldn't find any job here. Having five children, **he couldn't** loiter his time away. He investigated various job possibilities all in vain. His parents were in Hawaii. Then, his family moved to Hawaii. He got a government job in that field. After having lived in Hawaii for fifteen years, he came back to Richmond. His younger sister Yoshie's husband was drafted and joined the army from Tule Lake. During the war, he was sent to the New Guinea area. Meanwhile, the war had ended. He was sent to Japan and stayed there for six or seven years. They had a child. He called Yoshie and their child to Japan. They stayed in Japan for three years.

He could have retired and received a pension if he had been patient a little longer. However, he believed it wasn't good for his child to move so often. He said he would have his own business after getting out of the service. Then, he resigned. He began his import business in San Francisco.

The large established companies were doing their business on a large scale. He had to have a lot of cash. Being an import agent, he had to pay in advance for the goods ordered by his clients. He quit his business. One of my boys was running a market here. The boy was busy with his business in Los Angeles and here. He called Yoshie's husband and they started running the market together. They have been in the business ever since. I had had a lot of lonely experiences before that.

My daughter said I was lucky because all of my children had been grown-ups and they didn't cause me any hardships. (She was struggling with her small children in the camp.) We cried together. We were put in different places according to family units. She was put in with her family and I was put in with my family. When we left the camp, we got up at 3 or 4 am and woke up the children. We asked to kindle a fire. We ate breakfast and got on a train under the fire light. I couldn't see where my luggage was. I asked for a flash light and looked for it. At that time, the girl was only three months old--just a suckling. It was hard. My children were all grown by that time. I felt pity for the parents with babies. I and my grandchild got on a sleeping car, and the young people got on a separate coach. We returned to Richmond in the darkness. We went to a housing area in Richmond. They checked on the number of people in each family and gave us rooms accordingly. I'm not talking

chronological order. After coming back here, I started to appreciate having been alive till now. I appreciate the fact that I can think back on my past. I feel grateful every day. After all, we humans shouldn't complain about things too much. I felt it was too much for me to bear at that time. Thinking it back, I feel it was our fate to endure hardship, as human beings. Human beings can't learn about life without experiencing hardships. Thinking about it I feel happy about life. We don't have to bear a grudge against others. We sometimes have good days. I live every day of my life in gratitude. I can appreciate my present life, because I have been living in the U.S.. I'm living in comfort these days. I'm sorry about my incoherent talk.

Q: What is your name?

A: My name is Orite, Riyo. Some people spell it Ryo, but I prefer to spell it Riyo.

Q: Which part of Japan are you from?

A: I'm from Hiroshima--Takata County, Mita Village. After getting married, I moved to Asa County, Fukawa Village.

Q: When were you born?

A: I was born in 1895. In the 28th year of the Meiji period.

Q: How old are you now?

A: I'm seventy nine years old now.

Q: Great!

A: Fortunately. The hardships I've had are part of my long-lived life. I can look back over my past. I and Mrs. Mizobe were good friends in Topaz. We had fun together climbing mountains and collecting shells. We didn't have too worry about cooking or buying food in the camp. Some people complained about the camp. It may not be good that I express my positive feelings, but the war is over now. Having my children in the U.S. military service, I didn't feel like going against the U.S. at all. There were only Japanese people in the camp. If I had spoken up, people could have spread some rumors about me. I cried in the camp. Every time I went to the mess Hall or to a bath house, I returned to my room with tears. There were only Japanese people there. People said various things at the Mess Hall. I didn't say anything about the U.S. or Japan. If you thought about the camp negatively, you couldn't help complaining about it.

I felt that we were being protected in the camp. The reason I felt so is that I had been treated terribly before I moved to the camp. People threw rocks at me and did all kinds of other bad thing to me, though the government had issued an ordinance to prevent such misdemeanors. I didn't feel like living outside of the camp. Sooner or later we were supposed to be kept in a camp. I wanted to go to a camp as soon as possible. However, I didn't express my feelings

because I was afraid of the anti-American Japanese people. When I went to the Mess Hall, I heard them saying "Everybody in the Mess Hall should say 'yes' to Japan and 'no' to the U.S." Three of my children were in the military service then. "I can't point a gun at Japan and I can't abandon the Emperor, either. I'll follow the U.S. in any other way." I said so to the government officials. The officials said it was all right. I didn't have any feelings against U.S. laws. I'd follow them. Then I was transferred to Topaz from Tule Lake. At the Mess Hall, people were saying, "All of us should say 'Yes,' to Japan. We'll report that none of us are against Japan."

Having children in the armed force, I was in a very difficult position. I kept silent before the other people. I was called out by the administration office and went there secretly. Improperly, the office delivered me some large boxes for packing after three days. The opposing people immediately knew what it was all about. They blamed me. I couldn't help it because of my personal situation.

Q: Did they make sarcastic remarks?

A: Yes. They said, "Although she's just woman, she's something. She's going to transfer to some other camp. We told everybody at the Mess Hall to tell the office that we prefer to remain at Tule Lake." You know, I had to go to the office because I had been called out by them. I went there secretly. However

the large boxes for packing my things were delivered to me after three or four days. When the boxes were delivered, I told the truth to the people. I was blamed by everybody, but I had no choice. Mother and children shouldn't be separated. I couldn't rely on others but just my own children in the service, I'd like to follow their way. Everybody... The boxes for packing were delivered to me first. However, our move was postponed for a week. I wondered who was the next one to receive the boxes. The head of a block, who was just like a village chief in Japan, got them next. He was the one who was urging people to be anti-American at the Mess Hall. Only I had been made to cry because of my decision.

They bullied me because I' a woman, which was typical of Japanese people. I was the third to be transferred to Topaz, Utah. Japanese people tortured other Japanese people. After all, great people--those who spoke up had an advantage. My son-in-law was a Nisei, who was around thirty then. He was old enough to speak before people. The people in our block complained saying, "You should take the initiative rather than us. You just keep silent." They were urging people to sign the paper for parents and children to go back to Japan. However, his view was that he was a Nisei and children were Sansei. He didn't express himself, for he was afraid of the general reaction. Being pushed by them, he finally spoke up. He reluctantly said, "I'm a Nisei, and

my children are Sansei. I wish I could say 'yes' to Japan. I hope each family has freedom to decide according to their situation." People who had only daughters didn't have any problems. People whose sons were in the military service were in a hard position. It wasn't wise to go to Japan with small children who didn't know Japanese. Therefore, he desired that each family would be free to decide. Everybody stood up yelling, "Let's beat him. Let's kick him out!!"

He wasn't beaten, but... Reverend, my opinion and others' opinions didn't coincide. He begged them to let each family decide according to their family situation--their children etc... Then, people called him a doy or a cat. They yelled, "Let's kick him out and beat him." They became calm after a while. He didn't want to stay in the camp any longer and went to Utah. While he was absent, the problem of segregation arose. We had to answer "Yes" or "No." Since I was leaving, my daughter also wanted to leave. Though she'd asked her block manager for cooperation, she couldn't get any help from him. I felt pity for her and asked our block manager for help. He sympathized with her and agreed to help her.

Q: Did he help her with the formalities?

A: Yes. We moved to Topaz because of the problem of segregation. We had to change our registration at the office before leaving. We reported the number of our family and the names of our family members. Then, we moved to Topaz. Those people

They had left the camp before we did. We

are here now. They had left the camp before we did. We were in the first group. They had blamed me a lot before I left the camp. Her husband had already left the camp by then. Having five children, she wanted to leave with me. I had to go through a period of loneliness and difficulties. I asked our block manager for help. Then, she could go to Topaz with me. Various kinds of Japanese people tortured other Japanese people. My story isn't organized well, but Ambassador Nomura was here before the war. We listened to him as he said, "You should repay your debt of gratitude to the place where you've received your livelihood. My children..."

Q: Did Ambassador Nomura say that?

A: Yes. Before the war, he got off the train at Sacramento on the way to New York. He made a speech before some people. The people in the Japanese Association asked question such as, "What should parents with draft-age sons do when a war breaks out?" He answered, "You should repay your debt of gratitude to the place where you've received your livelihood. I was thinking of his words at all times. So were my children. Japanese people spread rumors saying that my children said, "Because it's a war, we have no other choice. It's hard for you to abandon the Emperor. We attended schools here starting from grammar school. We have been pledging loyalty to the flag every morning. No matter how much Japanese people force us, we can't abandon the U.S..."

Their feelings about the U.S. were just the same as our feelings about the Emperor. I thought it really true. They were born here and were taught about American life. They were willing to join the service whenever they were drafted. I couldn't do anything about it. Because my sons went into the service, people spoke ill of me. I feel I was in a position where no other choice was possible. My children said, "If we return in safety when the war is over, Mom won't have to cry any longer." I and they said, "We'll be able to smile again when the end of war comes." I felt lonely and grief stricken. However, some other people sacrificed more than I. Being a woman, I felt heartache and loneliness.

Parents without sons were free to say anything, for they didn't have to send their children to the military service. My children were in the service already. The boy, who had joined the service before we came to Tule Lake, told me that the Japanese soldiers with flying colors could be promoted up to a master sergeant. Listening to him, people there spread a rumor that soldiers were allowed to wear a nice uniform only when they visited their parents and that they would have their uniforms taken away after returning to their troops.

Such a rumor... The owner of a large florist store called, Sun Land was one Mr. Shibata. His son had joined the service early. His family was in Tule Lake. When he visited his

parents, other parents whose sons are in service came and listen to his talk. I went to listen to him, too. One woman had told me before that Japanese soldiers were in a pitiful state, for all they had to do was wash dishes and do clean up works. I found out the truth from Mr. Shibata's son.

He said, "Mrs., just think that you've sent your children to school. At school, students with high grades are praised by teachers, while those with low grades don't understand what the teachers say. They are scolded by their teachers. The military service is the same. If you do well in training, you'll be promoted. Americans are all the same."

That woman said that such fine uniforms were to be returned later. He said that once he had been given a uniform, he didn't have to return it as long as he was alive. He'd told me something completely different. He showed me his uniforms. He said that he had been given an outfit for cold weather. The service provided him with proper clothing according to the weather. That woman's son had written her that he wasn't doing anything other than washing dishes, because he was just a trainee. He hadn't been in the service long enough at that time. I'd heard that every soldier washed dishes and cleaned by turns. Some soldiers, who didn't keep regulations such as the curfew time, were given those duties as a penalty.

What that woman had been telling me was entirely foulse. They'd only been doing what was appropriate, Mr. Shibata's son told me so. I thought so. I believed what he said was true. You love your obedient children, while you even spank your own children if they are disobedient. That's the way the military service was. I was told that once I had sent my sons into the service, I shouldn't feel dubious about whether or not my sons would be treated cruelly; which was really true.

As long as the service took my sons as soldiers, they should treat them properly; otherwise, my sons wouldn't be patient. I went to various places within the camp to listen to talks about the servie. I had never thought so. I believed that a soldier was treated cruelly when he didn't obey. You can apply the same thing at school. Students with hight grades are praised by teachers, while those with low grades and bad manners are scolded by their teachers.

Q: Only your eldest son was in the service?

A: It was incredible. A year after my husband's death, my son got a draft notice. He was eighteen then. Every boy had to register at a recruiting office at the age of eighteen. I didn't know what to do being so awfully lonely. Though it was during the war, the service had just started recruiting Japanese people. I consulted with the Japanese Association about this. I was told to submit a request to the service for my son's draft deferment. I did, and he wasn't drafted,

though he was single. My request might have been accepted. In the meantime, men with children started to be drafted. A draft notice didn't come to him, though. My son wished that he could join the service in place of Henry (son-in-law). He didn't like to stay in the camp. He got out of the camp, and grew tomatoes. No draft notice came. Then, when we were about to go to Topaz, right after the President's death, he came to me with his A-1 draft notice. I said, "Once you've got a notice, you shouldn't run away like others. Join the service and fulfill your duty. We'll be in California."

That was my oldest son. The draft notice hadn't come for such a long time. Recruiters came to the camp and he wanted to enlist. Being a minor, he needed his parents signature. I signed it because he wanted me to.

Q: At Tule Lake?

A: Yes. I didn't sign it at first in Tule Lake because of the opposition of others. My son got so mad that he didn't want to stay with me. He went to Utah. Later on, I was to move to Utah due to the problem of segregation. He must have read about it in a newspaper or something. He came to pick us up. He was stopped at a government office on the way to Tule Lake. There was a town named () on the way. A police there stopped him for interrogation. He answered that he wanted to go to Tule Lake to help his parent. Then he allowed

him to pass. We packed our things and moved to Solt Lake City, Utah. He enlisted in the military service and joined Army from Utah. My youngest son was still in school then. He graduated from high school after we returned to Richmond. As soon as he reached his high teens, he received a draft notice. He joined the service immediately. He was sent to Monterey and some other places.

Finally, he was stationed in Japan. After having stayed in Japan for three years, he completed his term of duty and came back here. I was told something harsh and heard all kinds of rumors during the war. Being in such a position, I couldn't go against the government.

Q: Will you tell me about your childhood days?

A: What was your father's occupation?

Q: My father succeeded to my mother's family. He didn't from the begining, though. My mother married him. The family name was Okada. Since the male heir of my mother's family had died, my father decided to succeed to her family. Our original business was a drapery shop. After my uncle's death, my father succeeded it. My grandfather and grandmother were alive then, but they died eventually. My mother was busy with her small children and her chores. Therefore, my parents closed the drapery shop and started farming. Not being very healthy, my father usually hired others to work on his farms.

My father's father was a doctor. Since my father was born in the first year of the Meiji period, his father must have lived a long time ago. My grandfather was called for and visited his patients' homes.

My father was good at that sort of thing. Closing the drapery shop, he became an acupuncturist in addition to his farming. His grown-up children were not fond of farming so they lived separately. He didn't want others to succeed to his farm, so he sold all of his property and went to live in a city-- Hiroshima City. He opened an acupuncture business in the city. After growing up, I helped my father's farming. Though as a girl I wasn't too much help, I helped with sewing and the flowers. My grandmother, who was very old-fashioned, was strict. During my school days, the regular elementary school was extended to six years. It has formerly been for four years. Higher elementary school began after the sixth grades. My grandmother was stubborn. She said, "No matter how hard a farmer's daughter studies, she can never marry a Cabinet minister." She was in a bad mood. My mother insisted that I should be able to write my own name at least. She put me into a higher elementary school. After graduation, I was taught sewing and weaving at home. I sewed "kimono." My father was disappointed with the fact that none of his grown-up children were willing to help with his farming. Then, he sold all of his property and went to a city. There, I sewed at home.

Q: Did you learn acupuncture?

A: No. Only my father practiced it.

Q: He didn't teach you?

A: No, I was just a child. Moreover, I didn't feel like learning it.

Q: How old were you when you went to the city?

A: It was after my elementary school graduation. I was about seventeen years old. I spent my days helping with the house-keeping chores and sewing. Since this was an earlier period, a marriage proposal was brought...

Q: Will you please wait a minute? What kind of things did you do for fun during your childhood?

A: Speaking of fun, I didn't have as much as modern children do, except for the gatherings held during summer vacations. In my day, children bought one SHO (a Japanese unit which is equivalent to 1.8 l..) worth of shells. We had various kinds of shells. My father bought shells in Miyajima. We shared the shells and played a game. The winner got the shells. My girlfriends got together on special occasions such as New Year's Day and some other Japanese holidays. We made Kojami (dips made of red beans stuffing). We sewed small sacks and put red beans in them. We made five or six of them.

Q: Were they "Otedama" (Dips made of red beans stuffing)?

A: That's right. I played with my friends, which was fun. During village festivals, I put on my best wardrobe, had my hair done at a beauty shop, and enjoyed "Sumo" (the traditional Japanese wrestling) games. A "Mikoshi" (a palanquin-like shrine) carrying, a whistle concert, and a drum percussion demonstration were held during the festival. It was just like the festival they have in San Francisco. Strong people participated. That was a festival celebration. They carried it and returned to a shrine. I saw the Mikoshi and the sumo match. The festival was very successful. Talking about the festival, I'll always remember the Sumo match and the lion dancing. We had a so-called a horse-race today, too. It was very popular in olden times. You have a variety of things to do today. Those were the pleasures I had during my childhood. A slide show was held at a temple or a large home. I went to see it. The Naniwabushi" (A reciting with narration and chanting) had started when I was a child. The reciters stayed at the homes of villagers. I went to listen to it. Those were my pleasures. Though we had school outings, we didn't go too far.

Q: Did you play in the mountains?

A: Yes, I did. During the spring season, I went to the mountains to pick strawberries and brackens with my friends. We took red baskets called "Piko" with us. We took our lunch with us when we went to pick strawberries and brackens. We played

there all day long. Nightingales built their nests in that field. We looked for the nests here and there. There were all kinds of flowers growing in the spacious field such as bellflowers, bush clovers, and "Ominaeshi" (A plant of which scientific name is *Patrinia Scabiosafolia*).

Q: What kind of bird is a nightingale?

A: Its warble sounds like "Ho- Hokekyo-". I had thought that it built its nest on a tall tree. I found out that it had its nest in a bush. That's why I couldn't find it easily.

Q: What did you do after you found it?

A: I took it back home. I didn't pick it up if there was an egg.

Q: What about baby ones?

A: I should have left a baby bird in the nest. I didn't have the guts to pick out a nightingale with a beautiful voice. I took a baby bird to my home. I got it from a nest and wanted to raise it. My brothers were keeping a cross-bred titmouse and taught it tricks. It performed well. A cross-bred titmouse and a Japanese white-eye were all right, but a nightingale was hard to raise. I put a lid on a bird cage and sent it in a shady place. A boy working on our farm went out to catch a Japanese white-eye with bird lime on a pole. I followed him. There were some camellia trees on the edge of a mountain stream. I went out to catch a Japanese white-eye with him, carrying the bird cage. I had such fun.

Q: How many brothers and sisters did you have?

A: There were three girls and three boys in our family.

Q: What was your position among the six?

A: I was the second daughter. My brothers were all younger than I.

Q: Were you the second oldest one?

A: Yes. My elder sister was the oldest. Most of them died after the war. My elder sister also died after the war. One of my younger brothers, who had been in Mexico, died a few years ago. The youngest brother went to the Philippines as a soldier and died there. The brother closest to me in age participated in the Sino-Japanese War. He is still alive now.

Q: Do you remember any sad occurrences from your childhood?

A: I don't remember anything in particular. I looked after my younger sister. When I wanted to go out without her, she wouldn't leave me. I hid and then, went out.

Q: Did you go out to play?

A: Yes. My younger sister disturbed my play. I didn't have an extraordinary life. My elder sister, being older than I had her own friends. She washed dishes. I didn't help her too much, but I looked after my younger sister. It was nothing special...

Q: How old were you when you went to the city?

A: I was about seventeen years old.

Q: How did you feel about it? Did you feel sad?

A: No especially, because I was with my family. I was already seventeen then, and didn't go to school in the city. My grandmother was strict. My younger brothers and younger sister went pretty far with their educations because they'd grown up in a new era. However, my elder sister and I only went up to grammar school. A one-year preparatory course was founded in higher elementary schools when I was seventeen. They taught English. I didn't go that far, though. I helped with the sewing and cooking at home. I was told that I wouldn't be able to marry without knowing how to cook well. When I was a child in the countryside, one lady who was accomplished at sewing, flower arrangement and many other things came to our village from Kure. She wanted to teach those things. As she couldn't find any other place, we invited her to stay with us. She lived in a detached room. My strict grandmother believed that girls should accomplish such things and she made me learn sewing, flower arrangement, "Samisen" (A three-stringed Japanese musical instrument), and other things at home.

In those days, no music scores were available. I had to learn it by ear. Being an old-fashioned lady the teacher was very strict. I sat down before her, but I couldn't remember what I had learned in the previous lesson. Then, she hit me

with a pick. After having been hit, I was so frightened that I became worse. I cried, but I tried to leard it. I hated it. The teacher, staying with us, saw whatever I was doing, I was blowing the fire with a blowpipe to cook rice. The teacher came to me and said, "If you really want to learn Samisen, you should hold the blowpipe as if it were a Samisen and have practice." She scolded me again even while I was cooking rice. When I cleaned our guest room, I wore a Kimono (with white sleeves). She ordered me to hold the sleeve as a Samisen and practice. I was scolded by her no matter where I was. In those days, we pushed paper sliding doors this way and that way. Then, we dusted the rail with a damp rag. I had to clean the wooden floors before going to school. If I didn't make them clean, I was scolded by my grandmother. She opened the screen door and ordered me to wipe the rail with a waxed cloth through I had already cleaned it with a damp cloth.

Thus, everything was strictly regulated during my childhood. During the winter season, my hands were chapped. I swept from the garden to the front porch, and watered; I washed here and there with water. Then, I went to school. After the teacher's arrival, I was scolded by her for everything. As I didn't like to study it from the bottom of my heart, I couldn't learn well. She found fault with me. I stoold up, but I couldn't distinguish each note by ear. When I couldn't answer her, I was hit with a pick. I cried all of the time.

Finally I quit, because I really didn't like it. I switched to sewing and flower arrangement. At the age of ten, I was the youngest one in the class. I was like a trainee. The first person that had finished arranging flowers put her work on an alcove. I had to observe it respectfully. Each time you observe others' flower arrangement works, you were supposed to bow. I sat by the flowers and touched them. The others, who were observing me from behind, laughed at my clumsiness. I felt embarrassed.

Q: What kind of person was your father?

A: He was such a good person. He practiced herb medicine and moxa-cautery. He was just like Mr. Hayashida, the acupuncturist.

Q: Both acupuncture and Moxa-cautery?

A: Yes. He prescribed medicine which was a mixture of dry herbs and liver. I should have learned it. I remember he had a lot of patients all of the time. One patient had her breast inflamed. My father said that he would be able to cure it if I hadn't formed pus, yet. He cauterized it with moxa. He prescribed medicine. Her breast was cured without an operation, even in those days. I had seen my father cauterizing his patients' backs with moxa. He prescribed medicine and gave it to his patients.

Q: Was it cancer?

A: No. We called it "chichibu," which meant a swollen breast then. Some people had operations. One woman had pain when she urinated. Even she recovered with medicine and moxa-cautery. Before we went up to the city, all of us in the small village had planted rice together. I was fourteen or fifteen years old. We went back home to take a bath and eat dinner. I was all right. It was around midnight when I felt soreness in my leg. I didn't want to wake up my father, so I rubbed it by myself. Finally, I called my father for help.

My leg was red and swollen from here to there. My father wondered whether or not some poisonous bugs had bitten my leg. We put up a mosquito net in Japan. We wondered if there were some bugs in the net. We looked for bugs, but we found none. It was red from here to there. My father made a medicinal concoction for me, warmed my leg, cauterized it with moxa, and performed an accupuncture. He took me to a doctor for the time being.

We went to a doctor as soon as the day broke. The doctor said he would have to cut my leg off from my knee, because the leg bone was inflamed. My father, shocked at the doctor's words, asked him to wait. He had been raising me to be a healthy child. He didn't want me to become crippled. He took me back home from the doctor by force. He cauterized my leg with moxa, rubbed it and warmed it. Then, my leg was

cured. Before starting for the U.S., I was told by my father that the symptom might appear again. He warned me not to forget to take care of my leg. If I felt soreness again, I should cauterize it with moxa. It never appeared again after that. The doctor said that he'd have to cut my leg off because the leg bone was inflamed. My father didn't want me to become crippled. Though he was busy in the midst of rice-planting, he came back home three times a day to warm up my leg, which helped a lot.

The effectiveness of acupuncture and moxa cautery are said to be strong enough to burn away swellings. The symptoms never appeared after coming to the U.S.. One married-lady used to be here in Florin. She had a sore leg and was under a doctor's treatment. However, her leg wasn't improving. I told her what I had done in Japan and suggested her to try moxa cautery although it might not work on her leg. Her legs had formed pus in three spots. (Her doctor) advised her to take out the pus and clean the wounds. I felt terrified to hear that. What would happen if germs got into the wounds through such treatment.

In any case, she was under a doctor's care. I said, "The doctor does it one way, I'll do it another." Her leg finally got well. The lady came to me to thank me. She didn't have to thank me. She was very happy. My father's moxa cautery was very effective. If he were here, he could help a number

of sick people under doctors' treatment. If he rubbed and cauterized them with moxa while chattering, they would be appreciative.

I've been here for fifty years. When I made a trip to Japan, I went to buy souvenirs. I love crafts. When I went shopping, I was told that they would instruct me how to make a purse with beads if I bought the material. Then, I did. It was popular. I discovered this ten days before the planned date to return to the U.S.. Visiting the store every day, I finished making one purse. I wanted to make another one, but it was so tough to go to the store every day that I decided to work on it at home. Having overworked myself, I got a stiff neck. I was supposed to leave Japan on the same day as Mrs. Sasaki, who is in Berkeley now. I was planning to get on a boat at Hiroshima, and she was planning to get on at Kure. I was expected to go with a ticket. Since I had a stiff neck, I sent my younger brother to inform Mrs. Sasaki. As the departure was drawing near, she thought I was making an excuse. She visited me. I explained to her that my neck wouldn't move. She said she would wait till my neck moved.

I tried various things such as acupuncture and medicine. I went to a massagist's place day and night. Then, my neck got well. I wanted to learn massage, for there would be a lot of people in need in the U.S.. The massagist said he'd teach me if I could stay there for six months.

Q: Your father?

A: No. It was when I returned to Japan after the war. I got a domestic job working for a rich old white lady, who needed company and a massagist. I felt I should have learned massage in order to make old people happy. Doctors operate and heal you fast. However, massage is good in a different sense.

Q: I see. Was your family religion Buddhism?

A: Yes. Nishi Honganji. Our family had been religious for generations. My father and uncle visited the temple often. A priest stayed with us for five days, or a week at longest, during the spring and autums equinox. Being a farm family, we did that before harvesting rice. We were very busy during the harvest. People visited us from all over during the three day Lantern Festival. I had listened to various preachings given by priests in Japan. My family and uncle were ordent about religion. There are many kinds of religious organizations today in the U.S.. When I came, there were no temples or priests. White priests gave us funeral services. I just felt lonely without any temples to attend after having come to the U.S.. I remembered what I had listened to in Japan. You never forget what you learn during your childhood.

Q: What do you remember?

A: A priest came to a temple. I don't remember in detail. The topics of preaching are the same in Japan and in the U.S. The same sutra... My father started his day after having offered flowers on an altar and recited a sutra whether it was a rainy day or a windy day. We couldn't eat breakfast till we worshiped at the altar. I did it anyway. I still remember the sutras chanted by my father. "Ogaikenmon" (title of Buddhist sutras) and "shoshinge" (title of Buddhist sutras). I can't recite a sutra by myself but I can follow a priest in reciting any sutra even now. What you learn during your childhood is valuable. I hear the same thing in the U.S. as I had heard in Japan from a priest. The same sutras.

The same was.

Fortunately, (Issaikyo) came to our temple. We received donations from the U.S. and also from the religious people in Japan. We farmers had cows. We washed our cow, brushed it and put a silk ornament around its neck in order to let it take part in Issaikyo although it was merely a cow. People stood in a line which extended more than a mile. Not only our cow but the other peoples cows were washed and sutra books were put on their backs. My mother said I was lucky to be able to participate in Issaikyo. My mother donated a lot of things to the temple. I carried some sutra books. I walked about a mile holding several books like this.

The cows walked first and we followed them. As we got to the temple, we handed the books in good order to the people in charge there. I don't know how many volumes of sutra books were supposed to be included in Issaikyo. They displayed all of the books in the chapel. We listened to a sermon given there. Then, a priest moved them to a store-house for sutra books. I participated in it. My mother said I was lucky.

My aunt conducted a ceremony called "Nyubutsu Shiki" which meant that an image of Buddha brought from Kyoto was put in the temple. We queued up from my aunts place to the temple. People put the image of Buddha on a palanquin like shrine and four men carried it to the temple on their shoulders. Sweepers with brooms followed the procession, and my aunt's family followed them. Both of my aunts and my father's brother conducted such events. I had several opportunities to participate in such things as this. My mother said I was lucky. The celebration given by my uncle was the same. People with brooms walked after the shrine, and a priest and my uncle's family followed them to the temple.

Q: What kind of person was your mother?

A: (Her husband was adopted by her family.) She succeeded to the drapery shop. Because of my father, the drapery shop was closed down. We started farming in the end.

Q: Was your mother strict or gentle?

A: She was gentle. She never got mad or quarrelled with others. She said, "Yes, yes," at all times. She never argued. My father, grandfather...nobody in my family were argumentative. The family I joined by marriage was also non-argumentative. In the old days, family lineage was very important for marriages in Japan.

Q: Lineage?

A: Proper family background was emphasized in old Japan. It isn't a matter which has begun just now. I married Orite. His nephew, who has succeeded to the family, is honest. I had arranged my property in Japan in case I would like to return to Japan and live there. Since I decided not to return, I gave it all to the nephew. Some of my property was still untouched. It was a mountain. I told him not to bother himself with it, because nobody wanted it. However, he made efforts in selling it. He informed me of the sale and told me to come to Japan to get the money. I told him he should get the money for he had worked hard at selling it. He didn't take my words and told me to come to Japan. He gave me some money when I went to Japan. That money was meant as a reward for my husband's patience in the U.S.. I wanted to donate some to a temple. Everybody was happy to hear that. My aunt had done that, too. I thanked her. I hear from others that relatives of Japanese people in the U.S. often dispose of their properties in Japan without asking them. My relatives put their hearts into it for me.

It's no wonder that people in olden times valued lineage.

Q: How did a marriage proposal come to you?

A: My husband had been living in the U.S. before his younger brother joined him. One family among my relatives wanted to adopt a child, but they couldn't find anybody. Orite's elder brother was married to a lady, who was a relative of mine. Thus, his younger brother was called back from the U.S. to be adopted by my relatives. I was participating in Issaikyo, and got into an entrance of the temple. There I met my aunt and the above mentioned a man who'd returned from the U.S.. I greeted them briefly and went inside the temple. That was fateful event. My aunt had known me. The younger brother said that his elder brother wanted to marry. He wondered if I would marry his brother. It was a coincidence that it had happened while I was participating in Issaikyo. The proposal went smoothly. Since Orite's younger brother had been adopted by my aunt, we didn't have to trace Orite's lineage. We knew his family background already.

Not only having to trace his lineage, all agreed to our marriage. I didn't get married immediately. About a few years later... I came here at the age of eighteen. I was engaged at the age of sixteen and stayed at home for a few years. My mother was reluctant about letting me go to a foreign country alone where a different language was spoken. Though she had my name entered in the Orite's Koseki (family registration), she wanted Orite to return to Japan to pick me up.

His father was eighty years old then. Being old, he just ate and stayed in bed. Orite came back to such a place. It was interesting. Everybody in his family was surprised, for he'd come back all of the sudden. He'd come back with his suitcases. A rickshawman unloaded them. We were really surprised. I greeted him. He went into his father's bedroom immediately. Not having seen each other for such a long time, the son and the father were all excited. I changed my clothes. I was told by my elder sister to change my clothes. After changing my clothes, I gave him an address of welcome. His father was at home. It may sound silly, but my husband had some bundles of bills. He said, "Father, I have been working patiently in order to make you happy. I'll give this to you."

Q: Did Mr. Orite give it to his father?

A: Yes, it was given to my husband's father.

Q: You were staying with your in-laws?

A: Yes, I was. We had a picture-marriage. Since I had my name entered in their Koseki (family registration), I was told to live with them.

Q: Were you there then?

A: Yes. I went back and forth. It was before I left for the U.S.. As my mother was worried about my leaving for the U.S.

by myself, and wanted Orite to return to Japan to pick me up, (Orite's family) wrote him and asked him to come back. He replied that he's return within a year. He was a bad correspondent. He didn't write a letter after that. He returned to Japan in November, exactly a year after that. Not knowing a definite date of his return, I didn't expect him to return. However, he actually did, which caused big excitement. He went into him father's room to talk. We greeted him.

Q: Did he give the bundles of bills to his father?

A: He said that he'd like to give it to his father for he had worked patiently to make his father happy. His father said, "Oh, no, I shouldn't get it. You'd better keep it." Both of them hesitated to take the money, which was as dramatic enough to be a movie shot. He asked, "Then father, what do you want me to do for you? If you have anything, I'll do it for you."

His father answered, ("Though I have your elder brother here,) I want you to build a store-house for us." My husband said, "It's easy to do such a simple thing. I'll do it immediately." He kept his money. In the old days, we had a store-house where we stored food. His father wanted him to build it. He consulted with a carpenter at once. A store-house was built smoothly. We celebrated the store-house construction, our marriage and his return from the

U.S.. We invited a lot of relatives. In Japan, those who were invited brought a straw-bag of rice. Looking at the straw-bags, his father said with joy, "How lucky we are to be honored by so many people!" The store-house was built. He asked his father if he could do anything else. His father said that he wanted to replace an old Buddhist altar. He promised to buy one of the best alters right away. He went up to Hiroshima City to shop for one. It was delivered on a ship. Our neighbors helped us. A priest came to our house and recited a sutra, and the matter was finished.

He had to leave for the U.S. six months later. His father, being satisfied with the fine altar, didn't have anything more. His father would open the altar and worship every morning. My husband returned and finished it. New Year's day came two months after that. My husband and I made a New Year's visit to my family. We were forced to stay overnight. My husband didn't want to stay overnight. I decided to stay there overnight, because they were my parents. He went back home ahead. He picked up his younger brother on the way back home. He and his younger brother were planning to visit Miyajima the following day.

When he got to his home at one a.m., he found every door was locked. He got in through his father's bedroom. There, he saw his mother sitting by his father's bed. His mother was worried about his father, because he was breathing very heavily. As soon as my husband got back home, his father

died. My husband was lucky. He was present at his father's deathbed. He came back to the U.S. after he'd finished a funeral service and a forty-ninth day memorial service for his father. He had seen both a celebration and funeral within those six months. I said to him, "You'll have nothing to regret concerning Japan even if you die in the U.S..

As for myself, I've been troubling my parents.

As for myself, I've been troubling my parents. I can't die in peace without fulfilling my filial duty. My husband died in the U.S..

Q: How old were you when you married?

A: I was eighteen years old.

Q: In your calendar year?

A: Yes.

Q: How old was Mr. Orite?

A: He was much older than I. He was about thirty.

Q: Before you married, what did you think about Mr. Orite?

A: I had seen him only in a picture at first. Being young, I was unromantic. I just believed that girls should get married. I felt he was a little old. The people around me praised the match. I took a look at his picture and told myself that I was to marry him. His brother in Tokyo sent

me a lot of beautiful pictures (taken in the U.S..) I was more excited about visiting those beautiful places than marriage itself. Being in a country area of Hiroshima, I was overjoyed to see the beautiful pictures sent to me from Tokyo. I was more excited about visiting a lot of places than getting married. Thus, we got married.

Orite returned to Japan. After having had my name entered in his family register, I went back and forth (between my family and his family.) He stayed for six months. His younger brother visited him from Tokyo. Orite told him to visit him in the U.S., and his younger brother wanted Orite to drop by his place in Tokyo on the way back to the U.S.. Returning to Japan after fifteen years' absence, he was invited by his relatives here and there at all times. He had seen a celebration, funeral service and 49th day memorial service all in a row. He impressed me as a non-grudging type of person. He told me something good about the U.S.. He was a nice person.

Q: Did you have a wedding ceremony there?

A: We had a picture-marriage. We had a wedding reception while he was there. Having been to the U.S., he looked refined. He was different from the other countrymen. What he told me about the U.S. all sounded exciting. I felt happy about being able to go to such a nice place. I was born in the countryside in Hiroshima, and I didn't know any place other than

Hiroshima. I didn't question what kind of country the U.S. could be, I was coming to the U.S. with him as his dependent. The problem of language didn't sink into my mind. While I was in Japan, my parents treated me very well, because I was to leave for the U.S. before long. My parents took care of me, because they had no idea when they'd see me again. My in-laws were kind to me, too; therefore, I didn't feel lonely when I married.

Q: You were shocked after coming here?

A: Yes. I regretted having come here.

Q: Did you feel lonely?

A: I just felt lonely. I didn't miss my husband but I felt lonely. Everybody went to work with his lunch in the morning and didn't come back all day long. Though I had (nextdoor neighbor), I couldn't understand English. Only time I went outside was to get water. I rarely went outside.

Q: In Wyoming?

A: Yes. It was in the far reaches of Wyoming, but there was a train depot there. It was good to have a (water) pump and laborers houses there. There had been no formal school there, but we had a branch school. A wife of a neighbor family stayed home. I didn't visit here, for I didn't understand English. My husband was asked by the neighbor

family why he didn't bring me to their place. I wouldn't go. One day they said to my husband that I must have been mad at them, because I had never visited them. My husband suggested that I visit them briefly, and took me there. I just followed him silently. Then, he left by himself. I waited for him to return to their place. I found out that he had gone to work. I felt embarrassed. I hadn't said hellow or good-by in English before then. Returning to the U.S., my husband should have taught me English a little. I visited them all right but I didn't know what I should say before leaving.

Not being used to speaking English, I couldn't say good-by or thank you. In the meantime, my husband came back from work. He found that dinner wasn't ready yet. He came nextdoor and saw me there. He got mad at me saying, "You've been playing without cooking." I was surprised to hear that. Who was to blame? He had left me alone though he knew I couldn't understand English. I asked him where he had been.

While he was talking to our nextdoor neighbors, I sneaked out the back door. I started cooking as soon as I got back home. I didn't understand English at all. The wife told my husband to send me to her with a pencil and some writing tablets. I learned how to say good-by from my husband. The wife displayed a lot of ca-ned food, and taught me, "This is a can of tomatoes. This is a can of mushrooms."

Since I couldn't speak English, I answered her in Japanese. I didn't want the same thing to happen as before, so that I repeated thank you, although I didn't understand her. I said good-by and came back home. I didn't feel like visiting her again. In the meantime, one year passed. Hatsue was born in the second year. I was too busy working at home to go out. It took a whole day for me to cook and take care of my child. A young Japanese, who spoke English, wrote out some daily conversation in English and taught me pronunciations. I was told to bring a pencil and some writing tablets to study with. I made up my mind to study English. Without English, I couldn't do anything.

My husband asked me, "Aren't you going back to Japan?" I answered, "Yes, I will go back." He said, "If you learn English, you can't go back to Japan." Then I changed my mind about studying English. No plan to return to Japan discussed. Our child had become four or five years old and began to attend a school opened by a company. I decided to study English no matter what my husband said. I followed my child. After finishing my house-keeping chores, I went to school for 30 minutes or so and learned the alphabet.

Eventually I could address the letters to my parents in English. I learned English. It was broken English, though. My husband wasn't happy about it. He complained that I was behind in my house-deeping because of it. I couldn't

concentrate on studying English. Thinking back, I feel I should have studied harder, for my husband went to work with his lunch and was away from home all day long anyway. It was too late.

I j-st wanted to return to Japan in the beginning. When the time came, I looked out of the window to check on whether the workers were coming back. I might have looked silly to others. I didn't miss my husband, but I just felt lonely. Still... Trains stopped there to refill their water tanks. Black people got off the train. Being hungry, they came to our door and asked for bread. I had been told by my husband not to open the door for strangers, therefore, I locked the screen door even in the summer season. They came to our back door and asked for bread by a gesture. I couldn't understand an English term "give." I felt so frightened that I closed the door. Then they went back to the front and knocked at the door. I felt it was unbearable, and asked my husband to take me somewhere more populated. I really had a lonely life for three years. I got accustomed to the U.S. gradually.

I was occupied with our child. Anyway, I felt lonely for five years. Now, we gather and talk about the past and laugh. I baked biscuits for the workers' lunches because of the rice shortage. I was taught how to make them. I kneaded the batter and shaped it into balls. Biscuits are soft when they are hot, but they harden later. I fixed lunches for

five people. They took the biscuits. After coming back home, they said, "Today's dog-killers tasted good." I wondered what they meant by dog-killers. I asked the oldest worker. He said, "The biscuits you baked were so hard that we had to crack them by throwing them at telephone poles. If we threw them at a dog, it'll be killed." I felt miserable. Even my own husband...

He was just a man. He felt it silly to support his wife before his friends. I cried at hearing such a thing. I couldn't understand why I had failed. I'd followed the directions, though. I kneaded too much (I found out later). I should have kneaded the batter well enough to shape it into small balls. Whenever such things occurred right after my arrival, I missed Japan and cried. I was the only female there.

I cried easily when people said something harsh to me. The way we spent our evenings together then, was different from now. I didn't know how to make a fire. We made a fire in a stove by burning coal-tar. I thought I could light coal with matches. I was supposed to get up early on the following morning to cook breakfast for everybody. I put coal in the stove and tried to light it from the bottom, but I couldn't make a fire. I didn't want to wake up the other people. I just wake up my husband. I told him to check on why I couldn't make a fire. He said with anger, "Do you think you can light coal directly?" He poured coal-tar on firewood and paper.

Then, he lighted them. They started to burn with flames. Coal-tar started to burn immediately with noises. He called stupid. I was given a scolding by him in exchange for making a fire. I cooked rice and miso soup right away. Japanese people called hot-cakes dumplings. I fixed hot-cakes for five people. I put hot-cakes in a basket and covered it with a cloth. I cooked eggs after they got up. No matter what I did, I made mistakes and felt embarrassed. I cried. Being teased by the other people, I missed Japan.

Q: Were there five people there?

A: Yes, five people.

Q: When did you move to Sacramento?

A: We moved to town for a while. My husband was a formen. He trained railroad workers. The workers who had got training with my husband were sent to various sections. My husband moved to town and we lived there for five or six years. As a total we had lived in Wyoming for ten years before we moved to Sacramento. We've been living in Sacramento since then.

Q: You went up to a town?

A: Yes, we went up to a town.

Q: What was your life like there?

A: After having lived in the US for about five years, we came to know some of the Japanese workers. We started a boarding house for Japanese people. I washed their clothing, too. There was a language problem there. My Japanese

house for Japanese people. I washed their clothing, too. I didn't have a language problem there. My Japanese friends took me to enjoy the cool evenings in their cars after a hot day. The more I got used to my life in the U.S. the less I missed my native country. I used to miss Japan when I was teased by others. I missed Japan during the first five years.

Q: You moved to Sacramento after that?

A: Yes, we did.

Q: When did Mr. Orite die?

A: He died on the 15th of August in 1940.

Q: Before the war?

A: Yes, in 1940. I went to a camp in 1942.

Q: When did you come to Sacramento?

A: In October, 1927.

Q: Were you running a boarding house?

A: Yes, we were. The Depression had hit us during that time.

Q: What was the depression period like?

A: Being owners of a boarding house, we were obligated to get goods for our customers. We negotiated and got through the depression time.

Q: You didn't go bankrupt?

A: No. It was hard. We asked for the savings we had in Japan, and spent it all. My husband didn't want to trouble others. His elder brother was alive then. He cried. He said, "I've heard of sending money from the U.S. to Japan, but I've never heard of sending money from Japan to the U.S.." I heard that the panic also attacked Japan later.

Q: What kind of person was your mother?

A: My mother's family had adopted her husband. Her family owned a drapery store. She succeeded the head of her family and ran the drapery store. As her children grew, her mother worried about continuing the drapery store. My parents reduced the business gradually, and started farming. My father was a farmer, besides that, he practiced massage and acupuncture. Patients came one after another.

Q: Was your mother gentle?

A: Yes. Her parents adopted her husband, and she succeeded the head of her family. She was a gentle person. My father wasn't very stubborn. My grandfather and grandmother lived with us. Let's see...how long... My grandmother was alive till I was eight years old.

Q: Did you go to town after that?

A: No. We left the country and went to town when I was fifteen or sixteen. We rented a house for everybody to live in. Later

on, my father bought a house and opened his massage and moxa cautery clinic. Living in a town, my mother didn't farm, but just kept house.

Q: Which town did you go to ?

A: To Kamiya-Cho in Hiroshima.

Q: Was it a town in Hiroshima?

A: A town in Hiroshima.

Q: How about your wedding proposal?

A: It was when I was about seventeen years old.

Q: In your senventeenth calendar year?

A: Yes. My husband's younger brother, who had been to the U.S.

was adopted by my relatives. As I've told you. I was participating in "Issai-Kyo" and had gotten into the temple with some sutra books. I had known my aunt. The brother suggested that his elder brother should marry me. I heard all about it later. Sixteen or seventeen-year old girls today are mere children. I was sixteen years old then, for I had graduated from higher elementary school faster than the others. The proposal was offered around that time.

My parents-in-law had my name entered on their koseki (family register). I remained in my house for a while. It was in the later part of sixteenth year. I don't remember it very well. I went back and forth.

Q: To the Orites?

A: Yes. I was there till the age of eighteen--not really eighteen, but we used to count ages that way in Japan. Between the ages of sixteen and eighteen, I went back and forth forth--for a year and half. The Taisho period began. I came to the U.S. in the third or fourth year of the Taisho period.

Q: Hadn't you seen Mr. Orite before?

A: No, I hadn't. Since he was in the U.S., his parents and my parents had made the arrangements. I saw his picture. I had to marry anyway. I had to obey my parents' decision. The age difference was great. In the old days, age wasn't so important as long as the family liveage was proper.

Q: What's that?

A: Family lineage. As long as family background was proper... Our ages differed by sixteen years.

Q: Sixteen years!

A: Sixteen years. Seventeen years by the calendar year. It was what my parents decided. Not having my husband with me, I went back and forth between my parents' and the Orites' place. In the forth year of the Taisho period... Although my mother had decided to let me go to the U.S., she was worried about my going to a foreign country alone.

She was willing to let me go if Orite returned to pick me up, otherwise, she wasn't willing to. She talked to the Orites, and they wrote him a letter. He returned in November, the following year. In his reply, he had written that he would return in November. He returned after a year--in November. It was a long time ago. He came back in November. The Orites were powerful farmers. They had to collect their crops at harvest time. He came back and finished harvesting the rice and other crops. As I've told you, he had returned to Japan from the U.S. after fifteen years. He was a lucky man. No matter how long you've stayed in the U.S., fifteen or twenty years, you might not be able to return to Japan throughout your life if you don't have a good chance. He'd returned because my mother was too worried to let me go to the U.S. alone. He came back after fifteen years' absence. His father wasn't really sick but he was senile. He couldn't go outside. He ate meals and went to the toilet by himself. He stayed in his bed the rest of the time.

He let such a life for a year while I was there. As I've told you, my husband returned and offered him the bundle of bills, which he'd patiently earned for his father. Both insisted that the other should keep the money, which was like a movie scenery. Then, my husband asked his father if he could do something. His father wanted him to enlarge

the store-house, because my husband's brother was (weak). Orite went to consult a carpenter on the matter at once. The carpenter cut the wood at his work-shop. Then, they brought the wood to the Orite's place. It didn't interfere with the Orite's farming business at all. Finally it was constructed. We had a flood once a year, every year. The water came up to the roof. We climbed up to our roof and escaped by boat. In order to prevent the store-house from being flooded, young people in the village piled rocks up to their own heights. Then, they built a store-house on the foundation, which was higher than I was (at that time). We went up stairs to get to the store-house.

Having a flood once a year wasn't too bad. (Sometimes) we had floods three times a year. We went up to get to the store-house. In November, before the New Year's Day, we held our wedding reception party. My father-in-law was happy that many people celebrated our wedding. People gave up sake barrels to commemorate the occasion. My father-in-law got up and said, "You've been given a lot in commemoration." He went back to bed. Orite asked his father if there was anything more he could do. His father wanted to get a new Buddhist altar. Orite went to Teramachi in Hiroshima and bought one. The altar was delivered by boat. When it arrived, our neighbors came out and helped us. We called a Buddhist priest and had a ceremony. It was...I can't remember whether or not he bought the altar

before or after the New Year's Day. We made a new year's visit to my parents. My parents wanted us to stay overnight, but he said he'd better go. He and his family were planning to go to Miyajima on the following day.

He picked up his younger brother and they went back home together. When they went into their parents' house through their father's room, they found their mother watching their father. She looked anxious about his hard breath. As soon as they came in, their father passed away. Orite was close to his father. His eldest brother was at home sleeping in a separate room. Orite's father died before Orite could call his eldest brother. The son, who had been to the U.S., was present at his father's deathbed. He, his younger brother and his mother were present. He and his father must have been very close to each other. The forty-mineth day memorial service was held after the funeral. Many people were present at the memorial service. Finally, it was over. Later on we went to Mt. Kikoji where a temple was located. Many people went there on the 21st-- the same date his father had died the previous month. It was said that if you went _____, there was 1.5 inches long rice. The people around us went to Mt. Kikoji to worship.

I an my husband left home on the following day. In those days, we had to take a boat. The others were far, about five miles from us. We got off the boat. Our neighbors

took a lot of lunches with them and came to see us off. We went to an inn with the food. We ate together at a farewell party held there. Then, I and my husband got on a train. My father had seen me off at the train station. My mother, who was still young then, had had my younger brother right before I left for the U.S.. She couldn't come, for it was too soon after the delivery. My father and the other people saw us off.

My husband's eldest brother got on the train and saw us off. He said, "Don't stay in the U.S. too long. Come back and farm with us. Come back after five years." My father said, "Are you kidding? They can't learn anything within five years. They'll have a baby in the U.S.. Five years won't be enough to (do anything). Be patient for twenty years." Listening to him, I felt so shocked that I couldn't control my tears. My father said, "You say so, but even twenty years won't be enough." At my departure, he told me to return to Japan if I wasn't able to learn things. I came to the U.S. right after that.

We took Shizuoka-Marun, which was less than one ton. We went to Kobe, where our passports were issued. We stayed there, and had eye and duodenal examinations, which were terribly strict. I had neither had any problems with my eyes nor been sick in bed since my childhood. In order to make sure

I went to a doctor in the country-side for a week. I had no physical problems. The doctor gave me some medicine to take in case I had worms. I had no physical problems. We went to Kobe. I may have been doubtful at times. In Kobe there was another physical examination. My eyes were all right, but there was a suspicion that I might have hookworms. I was hospitalized, and told by a doctor that some kind of headless worms with cuts were found in me. I found out because an employee of the inn called me on the phone.

After having taken a vermifuge to get rid of the worms, I had an examination. I couldn't get rid of the worms with cuts. I had no choice. I was feld back for three days to undergo an examination. (At a hospital, a weak person got a cot.) I didn't expect to pass the examination. I didn't want to go to the U.S. in the first place. "If I don't pass the examination, I'll be lucky enough to go back home." (I said to myself.)

I was called out for the examination on the third day. I went with the other patients. On the way to the examination, I was called out for a phone call, which surprised me. My parents or someb ody... I went to a telephone booth, where I saw a person from the inn. She said, "Yours won't pass anyway," and handed it to me secretly. It wasn't a phone call. She called me out, knowing that mine wouldn't pass.

I went back with the other's and submitted it formally. I had no problem. My eyes were all right. My husband had no hookworms, but his eyes were in bad shape. His eyes were bloodshot because he'd been drinking sake. We were advised to pay the money and see what would happen. We returned to the inn. (The inspector) asked him if he was willing to be cured on board. He said that he would if he could have medicine. He passed the examination easily. We got on the boat. The boat departed on the twenty-first or twenty-second of May. We stayed in Kobe on that night. We were in Kobe for a week, and got here on the thirtieth of May, which was Memorial Day. We were on board for seventeen days.

Q: What was life aboard ship like?

A: Being newly constructed, the ship had the smell of paint. It was smelly. I had a headache and didn't have any appetite. I was sick in bed. The ocean became rough right after our departure. I couldn't get up from the bed. We got to Yokohama. I was in bed from Kobe to Yokohama. My husband's younger brother came to meet us at Yokohama. Being sick, I remained on board. My husband landed with his brother. They took a look at Tokyo and the surrounding area until early evening...

The boat anchored there overnight. Some passengers got on at Yokohama. For about five days after our departure, I 'd had such a severe headache that I couldn't eat meals.

I had some fruits, however, I had the apples thrown into the ocean, because I couldn't stand the smell. Apples were supposed to smell good. Being nauseated, I couldn't stand the smell. Since I didn't go to the dining room, a service boy brought rice gruel and some dishes. He brought them at night and said he had done it secretly. What he wanted to get was a tip.

It was a secret meal. I could eat a little rice gruel (okayu) on the boat. I started getting used to it after five days. I walked around a little. I felt like going out on the deck. I went to eat. I was on the way to the U.S., and I had no friends except for one lady from my home town. We were of the same age. I talked and walked with her on the deck. I recovered gradually. I had completely recovered by the time I landed here.

Q: Were there many brides on board?

A: Yes. Picture-marriages. Only a few couples were on board. Some ladies were returning to the U.S.. This is too silly to mention. We landed at Seattle to have a physical examination. The examination there was easy. Before getting there, I had been worried about whether or not I could pass it thought I had passed it in Japan. It was much easier. Everybody lined up on the deck, and inspectors checked our eyes. There was no examination for hookworms. That's all. We asked, "That's all?" They answered, "That's all." It was as easy as the formal examination in Japan these days. We packed our things

They answered, "That's all." It was as easy as the formal tie for going to Japan these days. We packed our things and got off the boat to have our belongings inspected. I didn't possess anything dangerous. They just looked through my things. We went to the Jujii Hotel, the owner of which was from a town near mine in Hiroshima.

We stayed there. I got a dress in Kobe. I have an interesting story to tell you. Some Japanese ladies, who had returned from the U.S., decided not to go to the U.S. again. They gave their western clothing to the other Japanese ladies who were planning to go to the U.S.. You should put on underwear made of lace. We hadn't had any idea, either. I was in a black suit dress, which wasn't as beautiful as lace underwear. I thought the dress made of lace with --- looked beautiful then. We found out after we got to the hotel. Hillbilles!! They should have learned how to put on their dresses. The hotel owner's wife was surprised. We didn't have cars at that time. We got to the hotel by train. The hotel sent a person to meet us. The hotel owner's wife laughed at those ladies when we got there.

She was amazed, "How daring you are to have travelled in such a fashion." Then, we found out the truth. They should have worn the lace wear under a dress. They'd

worn them the other way around. The lace wear looked beautiful, however, it was fashionable underwear after all.

I was in a dress which I had bought in Kobe. One of my husband's cousins came to Seattle to meet us. He told me that I had put on a blouse with the front side in back. The cousin took me to a dress shop to buy a blouse. At that time, hats with tall feathers were in fashion. I had a blue feather put on a white hat. All of our cousins got together in O'bang and we had a happy feast. Having stayed there for about a week, we started for Wyoming.

Q: Going back...how much money did Mr. Orite bring back to Japan?

A: I was too young to be interested in it.

Q: It must have been quite a large sum of money.

A: He could afford a store-house, Buddhist altar, celebration, and the 49th day memorial service. We were different from townsmen. Being farmers, we had rice and the other farm products at home. If he had been from a townsman's family, he could have spent much more money. His family provided rice and vegetables. On the other hand, we gave souvenirs to each visitor at that time. I'm sure he spent quite a lot of money. I was too young to be interested in how much he had earned or how much the sea fare had cost.

Q: What had you imagined of the U.S.?

A: I had taken a look at pictures in which I saw a hotel with lamps and a home with a rocking-chair. I didn't see any of the countryside. His younger brother in Tokyo was doing fine. One aunt was in Tokyo whereas her younger sister was in the countryside. My husband's younger brother had been adopted by a relative of mine, whose home was great. I didn't know any place other than Hiroshima. I was happy to be able to visit Tokyo. I didn't think about marriage itself. Being young, I was happy that my husband would take me to civilized places like Tokyo or the U.S..

I'd seen beautiful pictures of the U.S.. My husband called me, "You" in English. He said, "You don't have to do anything in the U.S.. You'll just stay home cooking and cleaning." How lucky you are! You'll be a madam in the U.S.. You'll be happy." I was told that I wouldn't have to do anything except cooking and washing. Japanese brides are supposed to know sewing and cooking to a certain degree. I didn't know American cooking. I was told not to worry about it, for I would learn it after getting there. Just looking at the pictures, I didn't know the truth. It sounded great that all I would have to do was washing and cooking. I was sure I'd be able to do that. I was told that anybody would be able to do that. He should have told me that I was supposed to cook for the railroad laborers. He hadn't

mentioned it al att. Having stayed in the U.S. for fourteen or fifteen years, my husband went through difficulties in learning English. He understand English better than anybody in the block. He had worked for a white man and was given the position of section forman. He hired some Japanese workers after he had become a section forman. There were ten people altogether--mexicans, Italians and Japanese workers. I cooked for the Japanese workers. There were seven Japanese people including my husband and myself. I cleaned, cooked, following the directions given to me.

Q: Did you go to Wyoming after a week's stay in Seattle?

A: We went to Ogden.

Q: In Utah?

A: Yes. In Utah. We stopped at Ogen. There were some people from my home town there. We stayed at a hotel. The hotel owner's wife was kind to us. It was on the 30th of May, Memorial day. This is on a different topic, but I left home on the 21st of April, for the 21st of ---. It took seventeen days to get here b y boat. I don't remember it very well, but we landed in Seattle. We had fun for a while. It was on the 30th of May, Memorial Day, when we got to Ogden. I remember that.

Q: When did you come to the U.S.?

A: In 1913. On the 30th of May. The people at the hotel in

Ogden fixed lunch to take to a cemetery. They took us through Ogden Canyon. They fixed Japanese food including pickled cabbage, bamboo shoots, and butterburs. I missed Japanese food. The Japanese food served on the ship was more American style. I had never heard of stew when I was in Japan. They put in meat, potatoes and carrots. Stew was served very often. That was a main feature on menu. We didn't have genuine Japanese food too often. In Seattle, our aunt cooked mixed rice and invited us for dinner. They had only American style sandwiches on the train. I wasn't good about eating them. I could eat a sliced ham sandwich. I ate it. I wasn't good at eating the other sandwiches with butter. I was happy to eat Japanese food, especially the pickled cabbage, in Ogden.

Q: You had some delicious food in Ogden, didn't you?

A: Yes, I did. We ate Japanese food such as pickled cabbage and "onishime" (vegetables and meat cooked in soy-sauce flavored stock). It wasn't like it is nowadays, but restaurants and the other food business were prosperous then. The restaurant nextdoor was nice and clean. We went to Wyoming after we had taken it easy for a week. I saw only sage-brush and cactus every day. I don't remember how long it took to get there. I felt lonely. No matter how far we went, we saw nothing but sage-brush. Though I was with my husband, I felt helpless. I didn't know how far I was to go. There was a depot. We stopped at where (a port man) was. As a section foreman, my husband was given a two storied house with

two bedrooms, a living room and a kitchen. It was a fine house. The previous tenants had taken good care of it. Everybody there... There were some workers there. They helped us. Though I'd settled there, I felt lonely. I didn't even know how to greet people. Every time I faced a language problem, I felt lonely. It was different from this community. Our neighbors were four miles away. There were only a water pump and a depot around us.

Q: What is a depot?

A: It was a train depot. A train for fruits stopped there to replenish its water supply. A depot man got off and refilled the water tanks. People of other races were living in two houses. Japanese people lived upstairs. Being lonely, I worshiped the sun in the morning and the moon in the evening. I fixed take-out lunches in the morning. After the workers went to work, I locked the door and stayed home alone. I couldn't understand the language. I was told, "Say 'no' to anybody at the door, lock the screen door, answer with the screen door being locked when somebody knocks at the door."

I felt helpless. I had to stay by myself where I didn't understand the language. I had quite a lot of chores--washing and cooking. I had to cook before they came back home. I couldn't understand any English. I cooked every day. When I got there, I learned such basic things as how to make a fire. It was different from the Japanese way. I had never used a cooking stove before. Thinking back, I

feel we were lucky. Hearing about the hardships of others, I appreciate the fact that we were given enough coal throughout the year. Coal was called "gohei" in Japan. We didn't have electricity then but had lamps. I cleaned the lamps and filled them with oil in the morning, which was one of my chores. The coal was supplied by the company. The company chopped up old tires and gave them to us to make a fire with. Compared with the people in California, we were better off. We didn't have to worry about what job to get from day to day.

Q: When you came here for the first time, you didn't know what coal was?

A: I didn't know. I had heard of "gohei" which was used for locomotive engines. There was a pile of coal in a storehouse for coal. The workers got a bucketful of coal from there. I was told to make a fire with it. I didn't know how. I lighted a match, but I couldn't make a fire. The stoves in olden days had a place for making a fire here, and the fire went around. We cooked here. We put in newspapers and wood, and poured on some coal-tar (oil). We put on a lid and light a fire with matches from the bottom. It burned well with clouds of smoke and a lot of noises. I didn't know of any such thing when I came here for the first time.

My husband...before others...in Japan, men are masters. They don't even hold brooms. My husband didn't want others to

think that he was lenient toward woman. He just scolded me. He didn't give me any understanding words. I thought he acted so because of other people. He never straightened even (one room). He didn't teach me anything gently. I got up an hour earlier than everybody else, because I had been told that I wouldn't be able to cook in time unless I woke up early. Because I couldn't start a fire by any means. I asked him. The time for the workers to go to work was nearing. I asked my husband to get up and help me. I was wrong. He did it thins way gradually, and lit it from the bottom. I felt miserable and cried while he was teaching that to me. If I had been in Japan, I wouldn't have felt that miserable.

However, my husband didn't teach me how to bake hot cakes. He took it as a matter of course for women to know how to prepare food. I knew how much water to put in. In Japan, we made a fire and put a pan over it. Here, we put a pan on a pan on a wire when it turned red. I couldn't adjust the heat very well. Some times I burned food, and at other times I didn't cook well enough. Each time I goofed, I missed my home. I missed home day in and day out. After a month, I finally learned how to fix meals. In the meantime, I was taught how to bake bread. I couldn't help making mistakes. My husband... Our first daughter was born after a year. Being pregnant, I missed my home more badly. I wished my mother had been with me.

The workers left home with their lunches in the morning and didn't come back home till five o'clock. I looked outside through the window and told myself that the time hadn't come yet. Being all by myself, I could finish chores quickly. I washed clothes and took them down off the line as soon as they got dry. I felt bored after finishing chores quickly. I should have studied, but I didn't feel like doing so. Our nextdoor neighbors told my husband to bring me there I couldn't understand their language, therefore, I didn't want to visit them at all.

They should have visited us. However, they just invited me there. (My husband) took me there, but I didn't know how to bid good-by upon leaving. I thought it impolite for me to leave there without saying anything. I was at a loss and felt frustrated. I couldn't do anything except for sit still. I stayed there till my husband came back from work. He found that I hadn't cooked yet, and scolded me.

Q: A dog killer?

A: I was taught how to bake biscuits. They wanted me to bake biscuits for their lunches. Not knowing how to bake biscuits, I was taught by one of the workers there. He told me to make dough by mixing eggs, baking powder and cups of flour. Then we kneaded and shaped the daough into dumplings. We arranged them on a pan. The oven at that time didn't have a temperature indicator such as 300° or 400°. I just put in my hand. If it felt hot, it was good enough. I wasn't

supposed to put in the dumplings from the start . I put them in when the oven got warmed up. I shouldn't open the oven otherwise the temperature would go down inside the oven. Therefore, I couldn't tell whether the dumplings were burned or done. I opened it after ten minutes and found that the dumplings weren't done yet. I had checked on them a few times before they were done. Sometimes, I took them out too soon. I cracked one of them and found it wasn't done yet. I was surprised and put them back in the oven. Then, they got harder. I cracked one of them again and found it was well done. All right. I wrapped them in a cloth. I didn't serve them for dinner, but put them in a box for lunch on the following day. All the workers came back home and ate dinner in the evening. I fixed their lunches in the morning. I put in a can of sardines for each person, boiled eggs and put butter and jam on the biscuits. They took their lunches with them. After coming back, they teased me by repeating, "Today's dog killers were delicious." I couldn't figure out what they meant by dog killers. I asked the oldest worker, "Did you get anything today? What's a dog killer?" He answered, "The biscuits you baked were hard enough to hit and kill dogs with. Therefore, we named the biscuits dog killers."

My husband said that he couldn't crack the biscuits unless he threw them at a telephone pole. Since I was the only woman, I was teased by everybody. I felt miserable. I couldn't

but cry. They couldn't crack the biscuits without throwing them at a telephone pole. The others said that the dog-killers were delicious. They shouldn't have let me hear them. Dog-killers. I thought they got something at work. My biscuits were hard. I tried not to touch the biscuits as much as possible. However, I overbaked them and made them hard. When I goofed, I didn't have any place to throw away the biscuits. It was a waste, but I burned them all in a stove. I tried to do better next time. I goofed many times.

We bought bread. I was taught how to bake bread next. I baked four loaves of bread at a time. I learned how to handle yeast and so on. I washed, skinned and cooked potatoes well at night. I moved it to --- and put one measure of yeast in it. I put on a cover and kept it behind the stove. Then, it fermented. On the following day, I measured some cups of flour and kneaded the dough well. I'd kneaded it twice in the process of baking bread. I kneaded the dough in a dish-washing tray. It puffed out this big. I thought I did pretty well. I kneaded once more and cut it into four loaves, which puffed out twice as big as the size of bread after another fermentation. I'd been doing all right so far, but I didn't know what temperature was the best. I pre-heated the oven. As I experienced, I learned at last that I should take for 30 to 40 minutes. Before that, I had opened the oven many times to check on the color of the bread. I wondered if they were getting

browned. Without a clock, I couldn't tell how many minutes it took unless I cracked one. They were almost brown. I kept them in for ten minutes longer. Forty minutes. I took one out and found that all had gotten browned evenly. I cracked one and found doughy inside. I'd goofed again. The heat hadn't reached the center. I remembered that the biscuits had gotten hard when I baked them twice. I had no choice. I burned the bread in the stove and kneaded new dough. I had a hard time. After having goofed a few times, I learned the right temperature. When I failed the second time, I felt it was too big a waste to burn them all. I wrapped the loaves in a cloth.

Oil in the olden days smelled. I put them in a can and put a lid on it. That was all for that day. The bread I baked the next day was all right. The workers said, "It's nice to have bread rather than rice once in a while for a change." They sliced the bread and toasted it. I wondered if they toasted it because it wasn't done. I apologized to them, "I'm sorry. I did my best, but it was still undone?" I asked them. They said, "No. It wasn't undone. In Japan people broil rice-cake to improve its flavor. Toasting bread is the same thing." It was what you call "toast" nowadays.

I was worried that the bread wasn't done. I was told that toasting bread improved its flavor. Then, I wondered if the half-baked bread might be all right. I took out the bread.

I didn't throw it away the previous day, because I felt

I hadn't thrown it away the previous day, because I felt that throwing it away was too big a waste. The bread was all right. Bread is sticky when it's hot. It turns harder as it cools. I was so gittery that I jumped to conclusions. I kept it, because I had felt it was a waste to throw it away. I sliced it the next day and found it done. I'd been too hasty. I had wasted some before. It was good that I hadn't throw it away that time. Gradually, I learned through experience. It didn't look eatable, but it turned out all right after getting cool. Nobody taught me that. I learned it through tearful experiences. From then on, I wrapped the soft ones with a cloth. It was OK. Eventually I became expert at baking bread I became bold enough to ask them, "What do you think about my bread today?"

Q: Was your husband seventeen years older than you?

A: Yes, he was.

Q: You must have had an age and generation gap?

A: What he said sounded old to me. I was childish. At first I was reserved even with my own husband. Living in the countryside, I had to depend on my husband to go shopping. Noodles... On those days, even children wore lace boots. We could adjust those boots by tightening the laces if they were a little too big. Everything including shoes including shoes were picked up by my husband. He got old fashioned

toots. However, I myself didn't know the up-to-date style. As long as they were wearable, it was fine. Speaking of women's dresses, my husband didn't know what colors or designs were in fashion. Being in the countryside, nobody paid attention to clothing. I saw white people in different clothing. I just accepted the way white people dressed as their own. We didn't know how we should dress. Gradually, I got used to the life there. I was given a sewing machine. I didn't attend a sewing school, though. I kept old clothes which I had bought a long time before. I ironed them and remade my clothes. At first I bought my clothes. Later on, I bought sewing material and sewed dresses by myself. A year later, our child was born. I bought here dresses once. Later, I used her ready-made dresses as patterns and sewed her dresses by myself. Being in a countryside, I had to sew men's pants and shirts.

Q: Did you wash clothing for the five workers?

A: Yes, I did. By hands. No hot water was available. I put a bath-tub on a stove. Water came out through a pipe. I got water in a bucket. No powdered soap was available then. I shaved a bar of soap with a knife. I boiled water in another bucket. I put it on a stand to adjust the height. I put a bucket and a bath-tub on it. I washed by hand, using a wash-board. I washed overalls, which were long like this. They weren't made of khaki but something like

today's jeans. My hands couldn't handle five pairs of overalls. So, I used a brush. Working on a rail-road, they got grease on their overalls. I washed the overalls with a brush. I washed sheets in the morning once a week. I had to wash the overalls separately, for the color was different. I washed them with a brush. I had to empty the water outside. Washing clothes today is nothing. In those days, I had to get water from outside and empty it outside after it got cold and dirty. Then, I got new water again, which was a big task.

Thinking back, people today are leading easy lives. I got up in the morning, made beds, cleaned the lamps, refilled the oil, and put lamps on each table. There were four lamps for the bedrooms and the kitchen. I finished everything in the morning. I kept house all day long. It took a whole day to iron. I ironed the overalls, too, at that time. People today work in their T-shirts. It was so cold in Wyoming that they wore their T-shirts underneath another shirt. Going back a little, I got to

Going back a little, I got to Ogden on the 31st of May, the first time I'd come to the U.S.. We arrived in Wyoming in the beginning of June. The worker met us there. They told me, "Being new here, you may not know. It is severely cold in Wyoming during the winter season. When you turn on a faucet, you'd better put on gloves. Otherwise, your hands will crack."

will stick to the faucet. Be sure to put on gloves."

Being in the countryside, they were keeping chickens. They were keeping pigs, too. They fed the pigs. Being new, I was teased by them. They said to me, "When you go out to feed chicken, don't blow your nose, otherwise, your nose blowings will stick on your face. Use a handkerchief. If you get nose blowings on your face outside, you won't be able to get rid of it all day long. If you get nad in the morning, your face will remain the same all day long."

They teased me. I thought they were teasing me because I was a new comer. I felt miserable. I just said, "Is that so." It was getting cold there. Everything had become frozen by the end of August. If you leave water in a washbowl, the water gets frozen. The temperature fell below zero point at the coldest part of the winter. We kept a fire going in the living room all right. However, the heat didn't travel through the kitchen although I kept the kitchen door open. I put a kettle on the kitchen stove. I kept two bucketfuls of water for morning use in the kitchen. All got frozen. It was that cold. If you leave water in a bucket, the bucket will break. I just left as much water as I needed in the kitchen, because I made a fire in the Kitchen. I emptied the water after I finished.

It was such a cold place. We couldn't grow any plants outside. All of the flowers I put on the window-sills withered. It was a cold place. I was told not to blow

nose outside, otherwise, the nose blowings would stick on my face. I was also told if I got mad in the morning, my face would remain so all day long. I wondered if it was true. When I went to the chicken house, my breath turned white. When I got in, my nose felt frozen. You never know the truth until you really experienced it.

When a train stopped, ~~hops~~ jumped off the train. They came over and asked for bread. Their breath turned into icicles and stuck to their breads. I thought they'd better shave. Their breath turned into drops and froze. ~~It was that people, in the beginning~~ I ran into my house whenever I saw such people, for I didn't know their language. I don't know why, but Japanese people weren't allowed to keep guns at that time. However, we kept a shot-gun for our self-defence. We kept it by the front-door in case we needed it.

On Sundays, we hunted rabbits for fun--not for eating. There were many rabbits around there. Other races such as the Italians ate rabbits. They shot a few rabbits at a time. They didn't hunt more than that. Japanese people, on the other hand, weren't satisfied unless they shot every single rabbit they saw. We took a rice-sack with us. Being lonely at home, I followed them. A few of us went together. I carried a sack and followed them. They shot a rabbit and put it in a sack. Eventually, we got a sackful of rabbits

here and there. I just followed them. Somebody carried a full sack. We were five in all, and needed only three rabbits at most for eating. However, they couldn't help shooting as many rabbits as they saw. They were proud of their skill. I wondered what they would do with so many rabbits at home. The several people skinned, washed, and guttend the rabbits. They cut out the meaty parts. We had a meat-grinder. They put bacon, and others, and rabbit meat and onions in to make sausages with the grinder. Since it was cold in the countryside, the sausages got frozen and kept a long time. There were a number of rabbits there.

Q: During the winter season, the rabbits called Jackrabbits turned white, whereas those called cottontails stayed brown. Jackrabbits turned white during the winter season. There were young workers staying with us. They didn't have a shot gun but had a small one. They told me that I should learn how to handle it in order to defend myself against bad people. They said they would teach me. I was a new comer, at the age of seventeen or eighteen, then. I was scared of shooting a gun. There were no other houses around there. There was only sage brush all around. I went out there and learned how to shoot. Not knowing how to handle a gun, I hit around this part of my body and got rebounds. The person, whotaught me to shoot, also got rebounds and had his tooth cracked. I was hit here because of a rebound. I felt so scared that I've never touched

it since. I didn't know that a gun rebounds that much. I'd just thought it would be helpful if I learned to shoot for self-defence. I was told I'd better know how to shoot. It rebounded. I just set it aside after that.

Even a man was hit. He was hit here and had his tooth cracked. We hunted rabbits every Sunday. We didn't have any place to go. There were no forests, either. There must have been American movies in town. I wouldn't have enjoyed those movies anyway, because I didn't understand English.

We didn't go anywhere else for a year or two. Some Sundays in the spring, we went out to see cactus flowers. The flowers were pink and yellow. They were gorgeous. I fixed rice-balls for our lunches on Sundays and went out among the sage brush. The rabbits came out here and there even during the daytime. Being young, we enjoyed such things. We went to the mountains on Sundays.

Q: Where was your child born?

A: When she was born, we were in the countryside and there was no midwife around there. There was a Japanese lady fifteen miles from us. She had come to the U.S. before I did. We asked her to take care of me one month before and one month after childbirth.

Q: A lady?

A: She didn't have a midwifery license, though. A white doctor helped us register our baby.

Q: Registration?

A: Citizenship. On the paper, he stated that he had delivered the baby. The lady from Japan took care of everything and called the doctor. The doctor completed the formalities. Being in Wyoming, we went to the city hall in Omaha. We registered here there.

Q: You must have felt uneasy at the time of delivery, not having your mother with you.

A: Yes. I called my mother's name and wished she had been with me. That lady said, "If you're crying, your baby won't be born." I felt so much pain that I crawled on the bed. She said, "Don't do that. Get up and walk." She encouraged me by saying so when I had pain. I cried because of stomach pains. She encouraged me by saying, "How can a baby be born if you're doing such a thing?"

Q: Was it George?

A: No, it was our first daughter, Grace. Our friends, who lived four miles away from us, came over later. No matter which way we went, our friends' places were four miles away. Thus, that person told me I should be still, and she put me in bed. It took all day long. The baby was born on the next day. That kind of problem might endanger

a mother's life. When we needed a doctor, we happend to meet an experienced old Italian lady. We called her. She gave me medicine and waited till the afterbirth came out. It came out all right due to the medicine. I took an anti-biotic. The old Italian lady was ecperieneced in midwifery. She gave me medicine and told me to stay in bed for a day. It was unbelievable that I was saved. Child birth is the most dangerous thing. If you don't have naybody to help you, you have to take care of everything by yourself.

By the time our son George was bron, I'd gotten a little more used to my life. The couple next door was going to have their second baby. The wife was tenty-seven or twenty-eight years old. She asked me for help when her delivery was pending. I told her to call a doctor, because I wasn't confident about English. Since she insisted, I agreed to do so. I fed my family, and was planning to go over to her place after giving my children their baths. She had a boy. I did think she should have him at home, so I invited him over to our place. I kept him at my home. The wife had come while we were eating dinner. She had a stomach-ache. I said, "The baby may be born around midnight. Heat the bath, take it, and change your clothes."

While I was washing dishes, she came back and claimed that she had more pain. The The labor pains were coming at closer intervals. It had been every hour, then, it came

every half hour. In the meantime, it had become nice o'clock. She cried hard because of the pain. I felt sorry. I told her, "It's too early to cry. Get up and walk. A friend of mine made me walk until my baby was born." She cried and said no. I remember her saying to her husband, "Don't forget how much trouble I have to go through." She was white and had short hair. Being in pain, she pulled her hair. Her husband said, "Don't get your hair cut so short next time. You're pulling your hair." She said crying, "Don't forget my suffering." I said, "Don't cry. It's too early to cry." She kept saying no and complained about the pain. Feeling scared, I suggested her to call a doctor. I said, "I can't help you." She said, "That's all right. You'll help me fine."

She went to her husband and cried. I ordered her to get up and walk. She just said, "No, no. That's all right." Eventually, she felt pain very badly. I took her by the arms. It was past eleven o'clock. I said, "Not yet." She yelled, "Oh, I'll die." She said to her husband, "Don't forget my suffering." I said, "I can't stand you. You cry too much." I suggested her to call a doctor, and she did. The doctor was strict with her, though. She was crying. Then, she stopped crying. The doctor patted her back to comfort her. She'd had long labor pains, but the delivery was rather easy.

After their baby was born, everything was different. Both she and her husband smiled, talking about the hard time. I couldn't fully express myself, because I didn't know English well enough. White people don't give a bath to their babies immediately. A doctor cuts the naval cord and takes care of a baby first. He puts olive oil on the baby and wraps it in a blanket. Then, he takes care of the mother. I asked the doctor if he had anything for me to do. He said that was all right. I went back home to fix our breakfast. The doctor gave a bath to the baby next day. He heated the bath and checked the temperature with his hand. Then, he told me to bath the baby. I bathed the baby and changed its clothes.

Olive oil works well on a baby's grease all over its body. It was all right. Even white people fed their babies on their mothers' milk at that time. The couple talked and laughed from the next day. I didn't understand English very well. The couple laughed, talking about childbirth. As a total, I've done midwifery three times from my youth. I didn't know anything, but I've had good experience. Among white people, doctors bath babies on the following day. I went back there the next day and bathed the baby. I took care of a white baby. In the olden days, midwives werent available. People in town may have gone to hospitals. Almost everybody was like that. We were rather fortunate. We had a house. I've heard sorrowful stories about the people living here.

Q: What kind of sorrowful stories have you heard?

A: In my home town in Japan, they say mothers aren't supposed to do anything for thirty days. Washing is prohibited. In the U.S., mothers do everything after a week. I feel scared, seeing that. The people in the deep countryside bore babies and took care of the babies by themselves. Some husbands helped their wives at the time of delivery. I went to a friend of mine's place, who was from Yamanashi prefecture. Her husband felt so bewildered that he couldn't boil water. I told him to boil water when the baby was born, but he was just roaming around the kitchen and the living room. I needed a pair of scissors to cut the umbilical cord. He looked for a pair of scissors here and there in vain. He couldn't heat the water, either. It was just like a movie scene. I guess it's only natural for a father to get excited. If you look at him objectively, you may feel him silly. We never know the truth until we experience it.

Q: Did you live in Wyoming for five years?

A: No. We lived in Laramie Wyoming for five years. Then, we moved Superior Wyoming, a coal-mining town. We lived there for five years. As a total, we lived in Wyoming for ten years. Since our children had grown up by that time, we were talking about returning to Japan.

Q: How many children did you have by that time?

A: ~~We~~ had four children when we got there. Another one was born there. We had five in all.

Q: Five children!

A: There was a school there run by white people. They didn't teach Japanese. Being Japanese, we felt our children had better learn Japaense. They were still in grammar school. Around that time, a friend of ours was going to return to Japan because of his parent's death. He asked us if we'd like to come up to Sacramento. My husband came up here to Sacramento on a trial basis. It was a boarding house. He thought it was a good deal. I said, "Having five children, I can't cook for others. If you want to run a boarding house, do it by yourself." He said, "Don't say so. A woman has to cook." I had no choice, for he had already decided on it. I agreed with him unwillingly. It was in 1926 when we came up to Sacramento. Since we were running a boarding house I had to cook starting the next day. I wasn't used to it. There were sixty bedrooms there. I couldn't fix breakfast for such a great number of people at one time. I cooked breakfast twice. I can do all right with something I'm experienced in. I wasn't good at flattering customers. I agreed with my husband reluctantly, because he had already made his decision. We started it in 1927. Our youngest child was born in 1928. We were all right, because we had a midwife here.

Q: You told me about Sacramento and the camp in the beginning. So you made a circle now.

A: I've told you the same thing twice.

Q: May I have your tapes translated into English and show them to Students?

A: Will you cut out any unworthy parts?

Q: Yes, I will.

A: I'd like you to select the good parts. I skipped some things and didn't follow a chronological order.

Q: Yes, I will do so. When it is published, we'll have it translated and edited as a book. Then...

A: You'll just state it was one Issei's talk.

Q: We'll change your name.

A: ~~Somebody change it into "one Issei"~~ It to get you in

Q: Somebody from Japan. I don't want to get you in trouble. Is this all right?

A: One Issei.

Q: Since it's your talk, you'll have the legal rights when we publish it. Will you donate your talk to our committee in order for us to publish it?

A: Yes. I'll leave it to you. Just the unworthy part...

Q: We'll take full responsibility.

A: My talk is not organized chronologically. I'm clumsy.

Will you arrange it...?

Q: Will you sign here?

A: Does it mean I've agreed?

Q: Yes. It means you've agreed to the two things.

A: I can't write English very well.

Q: Riyo. What is your address?

A: 1205 W street.

Q: Thank you very much for your cooperation.